

Red vs Blue: Forget Me Not

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Summary: How one of the Blood Gulchers ended up the way he did. One shot

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The courtyard was devoid of life save for him. An hour or two previous, there had been a smattering of others; he'd watched them from his window. Now he sat alone, in the cool breeze, watching the leaves from the ash tree rustle listlessly over the cracked pavement. He was watching a particular leaf float here and there, being caught in an eddy and thrown up and over the small hedge that line the courtyard when a thought came to him. He couldn't remember anything.

They had told him he had been in an accident. That his memory would vanish because of it, but would return again, in time. Of course at the present moment, he had forgotten what he had been told. When it happened, he felt like a child. Like he had stepped outside of himself and was watching a ten year old, five year old, two year old version of himself; trying to tie his shoes, ride his bike, to skip that last stone all the way across the river. And then his memories would come back. His life, the accident, the pain that immediately followed, the darkness that followed after that and the hospital ward where he now lived.

He remembered why he had come to the courtyard. He stood up and wandered over to the hedge opposite the bench and crouched down. He picked up a rather large rock and " just like the day before and the day before that " there was a little piece of white paper, folded over double. A week after he arrived, he saw someone put a note just like the one he was holding now under the rock as he watched from his window. Everyday, there was another note, with something different each time. Mostly it was just sayings and phrases that everyone used, occasionally a literary or biblical quote. Today the tiny, neat handwriting simply read. "Psalm 139: 17-18."

He knew the quote. Had heard it at a service as a child. From some

long, dark recess he pulled the useless line to the forefront of his mind. "How great is the sum of thy thoughts? Were I to count them they would be more in number than the sand." He instantly turned the piece of paper over and on the blank side, scribbled down his reply. He didn't know why he responded or where his responses came from. He could never remember hearing them or reading them anywhere, but they were always just the first things to come to mind. So like some sort of bizarre ritual of clandestine letter writing he scribbled his little message, not sure what it would mean, folded it double and placed it under the rock. He wandered aimlessly inside.

The stranger unfolded the note and read it. A thin, wiry smile spread over his lips. He brandished the phone. 'We are ready to proceed.'

\* \* \*

>All over the hospital people had left their marks. On a desk in the little library, someone had scratched the words "FUCK YOU!" in two-inch tall letters. The words, "Son of a bitch!" were written on a mirror in the bathroom, with an arrow that pointed to anyone who happened to be looking at their own reflection. But that had been cleaned off.<p><p>

Everywhere, someone had made some graffiti on something, just to show they had been there. Existed. In a place like this, where people like him were forgotten, existence was just that little bit sweeter.

\* \* \*

>There was no note. A little flutter of panic echoed in the pit of his stomach. Why was there no note? There was always a note. He looked around. Maybe the windâ€|someone had taken it. Existence. Existence was key. There had to be a note. He could remember nothing else that remained a constant. He sat on the bench for a moment; sat there, numb. No. Have to think. Keep moving. A rolling stone gathers no moss. <em>A rolling stone gathersâ€|<em>

Think, he told himself. Think properly. But he couldn't. Words kept creeping in. Words that he would have usually written in response to the note. But with no original, where were they coming from? The little flutter of panic was growing. What was happening? Why was there no note? He passed another patient in the corridor. He barely remembered walking indoors.

'A picture paints a thousands words.' The phrase was barely muttered as he walked by but he heard it nonetheless. And already the response was forming. It shouldn't. It had to be from the note. But he couldn't help himself.

'\_Tis the set of the sails and not the gales that tell us the way we go!\_' He practically shouted it out. The other patient turned and looked at him, his step hurrying just a fraction and he disappeared round a corner.

He was running now. Running to his room. His head was crammed with the things he desperately wanted to say and yet could not find the means in which to say them. The room was empty, neat, orderly. He threw open his drawers; hurling scraps of paper and half filled notepads onto the floor. There was an empty tomato can full of pens and markers that joined them. His head was bursting now. He didn't

think anymore. He just scribbled.

"What we see depends mainly on what we look for" |

\* \* \*

>It was getting dark when the thick, heavy footsteps echoed through the corridors. They kept walking in that steady pace until they reached a door slightly ajar. Into the room they went. There was a man on the floor, unconscious. Scraps of paper strewn about the place, all covered in messy scribbled words. There were deep cuts on his arm where he had dug at them with his nails, the blood dried and cracked.<p><p>

'How is the Codebreaker?' asked the senior of them.

One of the other men bent down to check for vitals. 'Alive.'

The remaining two examined the papers. 'It's all here, general.'

'Good. Take him with us. Remove the chip. Return his memory.'

The one crouching over the prone figure looked anxious. 'The damage to his mind is severe. He will never fully recover.'

The general bent down low to look at the unconscious Codebreaker. 'Then we'll put him somewhere out of the way.' He took out of his a pocket, a piece of paper, folded double and put it in the Codebreaker's hand, a thin wiry smile on his face. 'Souvenir.'

\* \* \*

>He was in a dull grey room, sitting behind a desk. He couldn't remember how he got here. The door to the room opened and in stepped a red-faced man. To be honest it was more lightish red. He sat down opposite. 'Do you know who you are?'<p><p>

'I'm Michael Caboose,' he replied. 'Is this college?'

A thin, wiry smile. 'Sure, kid. This is college.' He laughed as he got up and as Caboose watched the lightish red-faced man walk out as quickly as he came in, something made him reach into his pocket. He pulled out a piece of paper, folded double. One side read "Psalm 139: 17-18." He read the other side.

"\_His legions, angel forms who lay entranced. Thick as autumnal leaves that stray the brooks\_."

He wanted a muffin.

End  
file.